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The LIFE *of* ST. ANDRE.

THE name of this excellent old man's father was *Vilmore*, a man of low extraction: who had amaſſed an amazing fortune very rapidly. M. *de Vilmore* had ſeveral children, of whom *St. André* was the youngeſt. M. *de Vilmore*, anxious to marry his daughters nobly, that he might be aggrandiſed by alliances, and deſirous to ſecure a vaſt eſtate and brilliant fortune to his eldeſt ſon, ſacrificed the young *St. André* to theſe ambitious views. He had him brought up at a diſtance, on a very ſmall income, where his education was totally neglected; but the goodneſs of his diſpoſition and underſtanding made him exceed the expectation of his maſters. When he attainded his ſixteenth year, he was informed that he had no other choice but the church. A lively fancy, ſtrong paſſions, & the knowledge of his parents riches, all conſpired to give him an inſurmountable diſguſt to that profeſſion. He deſired to ſee and ſpeak to his father, in hopes of making him change his deſign. M. *de Vilmore*, not knowing his intentions, granted his requeſt, and ſoon after he arrived at his father's houſe, when they were celebrating his ſiſter's nuptials with the Marquis of *C*——. He found his father, brother, and ſiſters in the midſt of grandeur and opulence: they looked on him as a ſtranger, and his father treated him with diſdain and indifference; he diſcerned and felt all the miſfortunes ſuch a reception indicated; however he ſpoke, and with as much firmneſs as reſpect. Let mediocrity, ſaid he, be my lot; I can be content; but do not debar me of my liberty, nor force me to engage in a profeſſion, for which my averſion is invincible. M. *de Vilmore*, rendered furious by reſiſtance, overwhelmed him with the moſt cruel reproaches: Your obſtinacy, ſaid he, would ruin you, did not my goodneſs ſtill leave you time for reflection; I will ſend you for ſix months to one of your aunts in Flanders, when, if you are not entirely reſigned to my will, I ſhall employ the moſt violent means to make you know your duty. The hapleſs *St. André* ſet out for Liſle in deſpair; but fixed in his reſolution. An intereſting figure, an amiable character, with manners mild and noble, made him ſoon taken notice of in his exile, whilſt the charms of ſociety ſoftened its rigours; unſuſpecting and inexperienced, he was eaſily led away by every one who approached him. The regiment of —— was then at Liſle; the officers gamed very high, and knowing the immenſe riches of M. *de Vilmore*, engaged his ſon in their dangerous parties; he began, as is generally the caſe, by winning; and which is ſtill more inevitable, ended by loſing. The hopes of recovering his money led him on, until he had loſt upon honor 24,000 livres: reduced to deſpair, he wrote to his father, confeſſing his fault in the moſt pathetic terms: his only anſwer was an order, they confined him in the caſtle of Saumur. He ſubmitted to this puniſhment with a gentleneſs not to be expected from a character naturally violent; knowing all his debts were paid, gratitude made him bear with patience a treatment, he could not imagine would be of long duration; notwithſtanding, contrary to his expectations, he remained a priſoner two years: this barbarous uſage ſoured his temper, and made him loſe part of thoſe ſentiments of moderation he had till then preſerved: at length his priſon doors were opened, and this ſentence pronounced, "You "muſt give your word and honor either to "become an eccleſiaſtic, or go a volunteer "to India." My choice is made, cry'd *St. André*; and I ſhall be happy to leave a country foreign to me, ſince I have neither father, relations, nor friends: this anſwer fixed his fate; he was ſent to Breſt, and two days after embarked. Thus did an unnatural father drive beyond the ſeas a youth of eighteen, of the moſt promiſing [illegible] without ſuccour, money, rank, or eſtabliſhment; and perhaps in hopes that, ſurrounded with perils, oppreſſed with miſery and poverty, he might put a period to his unfortunate life.

His youth however made him ſupport the moſt exceſſive fatigues; and his courage rendered him ſuperior to his fortune. He diſtinguiſhed himſelf, and being promoted, ſoon emerged from miſery and oblivion; theſe ſucceſſes led to many ſtill more advantageous: having gained reputation and friends, they joined with him in commercial enterpriſes, which in a country ſo fertile in reſources, procured him in leſs than five years happineſs and independence. Content with a moderate but honeſt fortune, raiſed to an honorable rank, he began to turn his thoughts towards his country; ſtill young, he was not inſenſible to the vain deſire of exhibiting to his family the rapid fruits of his induſtry; reſolving however to return to the Indies, but not as driven thither by neceſſity, but as led by ambition and glory. His father, informed of his good ſucceſs, had for two years before condeſcended to acknowledge him; and to write to him; and appeared cured of his prejudices.

A truce concluded for a year, promiſed him a ſecurity which was not to be forfeited by a delay of his voyage; and he embarked with his whole fortune in [illegible] this imprudence was the cauſe of all his fortunes; for ſcarcely was he at [illegible] the truce was broke, his veſſel [illegible] taken by the Engliſh, and himſelf carried priſoner to Launceſton, a town in the weſt of England: thus were all his hopes blaſted, and he loſt at once his liberty and his fortune. He wrote to his father, who filled up the meaſure of his woes, by returning a letter full of reproaches. At the end of ſix months he was releaſed, approached the coaſt of France, and beheld that fatal ſhore, and arrived at Breſt nearly in the ſame miſerable ſituation in which he had left it nearly ſix years before. Without hope or money, entirely deſtitute, he recollected a ſurgeon, named *Bertrand*, with whom he had lodged, and from whom he received many marks of friendſhip; and ſoon found this honeſt man, who offered him his houſe, purſe and every ſervice in his power. *St. André* accepted without bluſhing the courteſies of friendſhip; and wrote to M. *de Vilmore*, demanding his portion, which he had never received, and even forgot in his proſperity. The anſwer contained a promiſe of money on condition only of his re-embarking for India in a veſſel ready to ſail; ſuch inconceivable ſeverity alienated an heart long ſince ſoured. Reſentment and deſpair deprived him of courage. He fell dangerouſly ill, and [illegible] ſeemed to the laſt extremity. *Bertrand* watched him day and night, and paid him every attention the tendereſt friendſhip could exact. *Bertrand* had a daughter of the age of eighteen, who, thinking only to follow the impulſe of a laudable compaſſion, remained by the hapleſs *St. André*'s bedſide, and ſhared with her father the employment of his nurſe. *Bertrand* related his unfortunate adventures, told her of his ſucceſſes in India, extolled his perſeverance, courage, and accompliſhments, of all which there were ſeveral witneſſes at Breſt; and they both wept a lot ſo unmerited and deplorable. *St. André*, delirious from the beginning of his illneſs, was incapable of enjoying ſuch affecting care; and being before oppreſſed with affliction, and always ſhut up in his room, *Blanche* (for that was the name of *Bertrand*'s daughter) had been ſcarcely ſeen, and never remarked by him. This young woman, notwithſtanding the obſcurity of her birth, was known and celebrated at Breſt for a ſuperior education, a behaviour replete with modeſty and ſweetneſs, and ſtill more for her perſonal charms.

One night when *St. André*'s life was deſpaired of, *Blanche*, ſeated ſorrowfully by him, obſerv[illegible] unuſual tend[illegible] unhappy [illegible] ey[illegible]. A[illegible]

sistible impulse) let fall one of her's, and finding it immoveable and cold she thought him dead: Oh heaven! exclaimed she, all is over: unfortunate young man!..... terror, pity, and a sentiment still more tender, prevented her saying more, and she fell down without sense or motion. At that instant *St. André*, recovering from his trance, opened his eyes, and the first object that struck them, was *Blanche* in a swoon by him: He uttered a piercing cry; help arrives; and *Blanche* is speedily restored. This affecting scene is explained; and *St. André* recovers only to receive into his soul emotions of the tenderest gratitude. Thus, in the midst of agonizing horrors and on the brink of the grave, did love unite forever two unfortunate hearts, fixed his shafts indelibly, and proved that his power was irresistible, even under the most dreadful and affecting form.

St. André, quickly recovering, gave himself up entirely to the dangerous impression of a passion, which he experienced for the first time. He easily obtained that confession, on which depended his happiness. *Blanche* had betrayed herself, even before she was beloved, and now happy and tranquil, confirmed by transports of joy, what despair had already declared. *Bertrand* himself, seduced by pity, affection, and perhaps ambition, consented, after a slight resistance, to the joint request of *St. André* and his daughter, and approved of a secret union, which took place six months after *St. André*'s illness, and raised him to the height of his wishes at the age of twenty-five. Not [illegible] his father, resolved to conceal his marriage, and to seize the first opportunity of returning to India, with his wife and her father. He made several applications; and by the help of his reputation and friends soon saw a possibility of being constantly employed in a very advantageous manner. During these transactions *Blanche* became pregnant; he pressed his solicitations in hopes of getting to India in time for his wife's delivery; but his affairs not keeping pace with his wishes, they perceived it would be impossible to elude the discovery of a secret, already well known in the city. He therefore took the resolution of informing his father of it by letter; and wrote to him in these terms:—

"SIR,

"Can you recollect the name and existence of a wretch so long forgotten? I ought to believe you have renounced for ever the rights which nature gave you over me. I know what were my first errors: if my youth could not then excuse them in your eyes, six years exile, passed in grief, and I will be bold to say, glorious pursuits, might, I sometimes flatter myself, have obliterated [illegible] but cruelly abandoned in my last [illegible] I found [illegible] the com- [illegible] of a fa- [illegible] sensible, is the father I have chosen. By accepting his favors, residing in his house, and marrying his daughter, I am become his son: and the felicity that it has procured me, exceeds if possible all the misfortunes I have endured. I have a due respect for the restrictions established in society; and had I been born in a rank, that such an alliance would have dishonored, my courage would have enabled me to sacrifice my passion, and with it the whole happiness of my life, to the honor of my family. But, thank God, no such obstacle existed; my wife's birth is equal to mine, as is her fortune; her father is poor; there is the only difference between us; therefore no reason could or ought to have impeded me. I am bound by a tie which love and honor renders equally dear and sacred to me; and I beg you to believe, that ambition, authority, and even the laws themselves would in vain attempt to dissolve it. I am going to India to begin a new career; I entreat you not to trouble my destiny by clamours which cannot change it. I desire nothing but tranquility, and forgetfulness of a country which I abandon perhaps for ever. This is the only favour I dare ask, I ought to hope, and do expect it from your justice.

"I have the honor to be, &c."

—

(To be continued in our next.)

"*The robbed, who smiles, steals something from the thief,*
He robs himself, who spends a bootless grief."
SHAKESPEARE.

LIFE is such a farcical scene, so quick vary the changing acts of the drama, and so soon drops the curtain of existence, that it becomes us to laugh while we can, since enough of sorrow will occur, unbidden, without our seeking to indulge its intrusion. To disarm Care of his sting, has been the laudable pursuit of some of the wisest of mankind; from the atomizing Democritus, who stunned him with peals of philosophy, to the jovial Joe Millar who facetiously drowned him in a punch-bowl. The humorous Falstaff, whom sack and claret had early taught to "blush extempore," and he who never was eclipsed by any son of Momus in the festive feats of "grinning honor," could laugh old Care fairly out of countenance, whenever the caitiff attempted to wrinkle his brow with an untimely frown. And had Job been as wise as he was patient, he would have derided the malice of the grisly Daemon; have dried up his tears, and laughed his cares to rest.

Spleen was either invented by a misanthrope in the seclusion of a cloister, or engendered in the damp caves of Siberia; fit only to be the concomitants of monks [illegible]ts, and should be hooted from the [illegible] of society, and good fellowship. [illegible]spite of precaution, the wily fiend insinuated itself amid the hours of retirement, it rides on the east wind, and descends in a snow-storm, and, like Macbeth's dagger, murders sleep;—but it is rarely known to float upon a bumper, or straddle a wine cask, and never comes within the vortex of the fumes of a segar. —Amid the storms of sunshine of a fleeting existence, where Fortune's dreary blasts blow keen around us, and the apathy of age so chills the soft sensibilities of youth, he who can teach us pleasantly to drag the "blank of life along" deserves the meed of gratitude. But the man who can anatomize the mopings of melancholy, who can unbind the frowns of disappointment, and distend the wrinkles of age with pleasure, merits not only the grateful honor of mankind, but the first place in "Rabelai's easy chair," and a crown of grape leaves.

I have always admired that mercurial elasticity of disposition, that instinctive gaiety of heart, which is characteristic of a Frenchman. Careless alike of the frowns and flatteries of the fickle Deity, he receives with easy indifference the awards of fate. With a heart as light as vanity can make it,

"*Whose every chord is strung to joy,*"

he can dictate a love ditty amid the raving of the elements, or foot a hornpipe to the melody of a psalm tune. In a situation where a phlegmatic soul would [illegible] ponderence, his native gaiety dese[illegible] not. He has the happy talent of [illegible] ever at his ease. Amid the bleak storm of misfortune, like the supple reed, he yeilds and it passeth over: *Morbleu*, or a shrug is his only revenge. And sorrow and care, like waxen impressions are of as brief endurance.

"For what La Fontaine laughing says,
Is serious truth in such a case:
Who slights the evil finds it least,
And who does nothing, does the best.
Then what avails superfluous, sorrow,
We're here to day, we're gone to-morrow."

Laughing is a happy faculty of the heart, to shake off the load which oppresses it. It is one of the first enjoyments of our life, notwithstanding my Lord Chesterfield has so politely prohibited its indulgence to the gentler part of mankind. The whimsical Sterne tells us in his Shandy way, that "every time a man smiles, much more so when he laughs, it tends to lengthen out the short fragment of his existence;" and the grave Yorick never uttered a more reverend truth, arrayed in his canonicals. Good spirits are the essence of health. Sorrows are the cankers of our existence. Sighs, the infectious blasts of decay. Tears, the life drops of the heart, and the harbingers of dissolution. In vain does health serve the

body, if care corrode the mind: in vain does nature lavish her bounties on the exterior, if sorrows and anxieties sap the foundation within. As necessary to our physical œconomy is occasional relaxation, as the interposition of storms and thunder, is to preserve the equilibrium of the atmosphere. The mind by too frequent a tension of its fibres contracts into prejudice, or frowns into severity; and it must at times.

"Quit the stiff serious garb of sense,
To wear a gay impertinance."

I have ever had an antipathy to the abstrusities of metaphysics, or "the art of talking grave nonsense on subjects which lie beyond the reach of human understanding." During the term of my collegiate, about five and thirty years since; our mathematical professor, a grave sober gentleman, who seldom unbent the *acute* angles of his physiognomy, and who used to write love letters amid the most intolerable fits of yawning, once presented me to that venerable institution the Hasty-Pudding club: and in my eager alacrity to do *oral* honor to their ambrosia, having inhaled of the fuming viand an undue proportion, the luscious aliment true to the principles of the New tonian system, sunk to the center of gravity, and compelled my *physiognimical* muscles to describe such a woeful complication of triangles, polygons, and rhombuses, as fairly stretched the jaws of my antique friend to the very utmost extention of pliability, and actually cured him of an inveterate fit of the spleen.

Man, ingenious at tormenting himself, and not satisfied with the evil which is necessarily his portion, must still seek for fresh sources of inquietude in the irregularities of his temper, and the unreasonableness of his desires. But such is the dubious nature even of our felicities, that scarce can we call our own the joys we possess. And even if we anticipate the continuance of prosperity, rarely indeed as experience can authorize the presumption, when does it reach us unattended by some drawback? There is not a rose in the garden of life which conceals not a thorn beneath its beautieous semblance; not a bliss in the cup of felicity unmingled with the gall of misfortune. And why should we attempt to destroy the flavour of felicity by unnecessary sorrow? why shut our hearts upon a transitory infrequent joy? If it be a stranger to our bosoms, rather *as a stranger let us take it in.* Frowns are the clouds which obscure the benignity of our countenances:—Smiles the glad sunshine which illumines our hearts. And

"The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears" is preferable to a countenance clothed in the unjoyous winter of eternal frowns. "Evil indeed are the days of the afflicted, but a merry heart is a continual feast." Then let us cheer amid the gloom of disappointment. Let blithesome joy, "on her light fantastic toe," dance round our hearts. Let us cherish every appendage of good humour, and laugh at vexations which we cannot cure. Laughing will dulcify the vinegar of our dispositions, and convert even spleen to merriment: it is a moral grindstone which smooths the little asperities of our tempers, and blunts the edge of misfortune; and its melody is sweeter than the music of the spheres. Then let hilarity be the rallying point of our hearts, mirth and enjoyment the polar stars of our affections: And let us join with frolic souls in the choral chaunt

"Hence dull cares and melancholy,
Wine and Mirth unite us now."

C.

ON SOLITUDE.

Bear me, some God, Oh! quickly bear me hence,
To wholesome Solitude, the Nurse of Sense;
Where Contemplation prunes her ruffled Wings,
And the free Soul looks down to pity Kings.

HAIL Solitude! calm peaceful state!
Thou choicest blessing here below,
Unknown, unheeded by the great;
Thou sov'reign balm of human woe!

Contentment sweetly smiles around,
Where're thou tak'st thy blissful seat;
And youthful verdure decks the ground,
While roses spring beneath thy feet.

How blest and happy is the Swain,
Who 's far remote from noise and strife;
Whose gen'rous soul is pure from stain,
Who leads a calm, unruffled life!

With whom Peace, Innocence, and Love,
That form thy bliss-inspiring train,
Forever dwell, and with him rove,
Thro' ev'ry meadow, field, or plain.

How pleas'd he rises with the dawn,
And drives his fleecy care along,
Some silver brook, or flow'ry lawn,
Charm'd with the warblers early song.

Oh! waft me to some cool retreat,
Where heav'n born Contemplation reigns!
Where Zephyrs fan the noon-day heat,
And songsters chaunt soul-thrilling strains.

Sequester'd here; in solitude,
Beside a moss-deck'd purling rill;
From ev'ry mortal eye seclude;
Let me repose, all calm and still.

Let whisp'ring breezes softly play,
Within the leafy, rustling grove;
While the sweet Robin tunes his lay,
And plaintive coos the mournful Dove.

Blest with such pure, serene delights,
My heav'n-aspiring thoughts would rise
On Fancy's wing, in loftiest flights,
Above the star-bespangled skies.

While here I 'd lie devoid of care,
Sweet harmony should tune my soul,
And melody, blest, charm my ear;
How swiftly time away would roll!

PUNS.

THE word *murmur* read backwards, repeatedly, names a liquor that some people are remarkably fond of, viz. *rum rum*: and when this dear delightful beverage cannot be had, read it forwards, and it will shew you what they will be very apt to do, viz. *murmur.*

AGAIN in the word *glass*—this is what some men love exceedingly; and if we use what is called the *apothesis*, or the taking away of a letter, it will then be what most men love, viz. a *lass*; but take away the *l*, and the remainder will shew what he is who loves neither a *glass* nor a *lass*, viz. an ass.

ANECDOTES.

The following curious advertisement appeared in a Concord, N. H. paper:——

"Whereas I Daniel Clay, through misrepresentation, was induced to [illegible] RHODA, in the papers,—now begg[illegible] to inform the public, that I have again taken her to wife, after settling all our domestic broils in an amicable manner: so that every thing as usual; goes on like clock work.

[*Divorc'd like scissors rent in twain,*
Each mourn'd the rivet out:
Now whet and rivetted again,
They 'll make the old shears cut."]

It is rather odd, say an English print, that the French should be so anxious to dig in Herculaneum for OLD RUINS, when they are so expert in making NEW ONES.

HALL *of* HYMEN.

—MARRIED—

— ON Thursday the 31st ult. by the Rev. Doct. King, MR. JOHN TYGERT, to MISS REBECCA CLARKE, of this county.

— ON Tuesday the 22d ult. by the Rev. James Lang, MR. M'CUTCHAN, of Westmoreland county, to MISS CATHARINE M'CUTCHAN, daughter of Mr. A. M'Cutchan, of this county.

Printed by G. K. HARPER, *Chambersburg.*

COURT OF APOLLO.

An Extract.

[*A popular* PLAY *was acted some time since in London, at* Covent-Garden Theatre, *for the relief of* Persons *imprisoned for small* Debts. *When the curtain rose it discovered a* PRISON; *at some distance, a* WOMAN *poorly habited, and in a disconsolate attitude. After standing for some time motionless in a posture of fixed attention she thus speaks:*]

WOMAN.

"THOU loathsome dungeon in whose dreary womb
The pining *Debtor* finds a living tomb;
Where 'midst the clank of chains, and dismal yells
Of shackled Felons MY sad husband dwells;
From his dark cell, oh! give him to my view!
Let him look forth, and take a last adieu."

[*As she advances towards the* PRISON, *a person in a gentleman's apparel meets her.*]

MAN.

"STAY, *Child of sorrow!* thou whose piercing groans
Might move to pity even these senseless stones;
Why dost thou bend thy melancholy way
To that drear dungeon?—*Child of sorrow*, stay!"

WOMAN.

"Why should I stay; or my sad griefs impart?
Can there be pity in a human heart?
Away and let me die———"

MAN.

———"No; if its there
[illegible] some captive friend, renounce despair;
For though the iron hand of law has barr'd
Those surly doors which you dread mansion guard,
Know there are found, on whose dilated breasts
The *Heaven descended Dove of Pity* rests;
Souls that delight with softering smiles to cheer
The broken heart, and dry affliction's tear;
Pluck the *wan debtor* from his noisome den,
And launch him on *the cheerful walks of* MEN."

WOMAN.

"IF such there be, oh lead me to their sight,
And let me plead a wretched sufferer's right;
Can there be truth, humanity or sense,
In laws that made misfortune an offence?
Torn from his famish'd babes, and frantic wife,
A father—husband, there must end his life:
Stretch'd on his straw, the guiltless captive lies,
While round his temple sickly damps arise,
That ev'n the murderer's ignominious fate
Were welcome refuge from his hopeless state,
Lost are the hands who honest labour fed
His helpless innocents with daily bread;
For day by day the busy loom he play'd,
With soft contentment sitting by his side;
'Till Heaven flung out the signal to destroy,
And dropt its curtain o'er this scene of joy.
Nine tedious weeks the languid patient lay,
To dire disease an unresisting prey;
The tenth succeeded—when, alas! behold
A worse tormentor in a human mould,
A griping Creditor! escape who can
When man's grand foe assumes the shape of man!
Steel'd to their trade and deaf to all their cries,
Relentless ruffians seize their [illegible] prize;
From my fond arms a dying h[illegible] tear,
And plunge their victim in a [illegible] there."

MAN.

"ENOUGH!——go speak the [illegible] words of peace
To thy sad mate, and bear him [illegible] release;
Tell him the muse, which on th[illegible] scenes attends,
That balsam to his wounded spirit sends;
And know this truth, thyself—'Tis not alone
The preacher's pulpit, and the monarch's throne,
That Charity frequents; but in this age
She guides the Theatre, and treads the Stage.
Lo! she is present, call your eyes around,
And here in each spectator's heart she's found."

THE HUSKING.

From Barlow's "HASTYPUDDING."

THE days grow short; but tho' the fallen sun
To the glad *swain* proclaims his day's-work done,
Night's pleasant shades his various tasks prolong,
And yield new subjects to my various song.
For now, the CORN-HOUSE fill'd, the harvest home,
Th' *invited neighbours* to the HUSKING come.
A frolic scene, where work, and mirth, and play,
Unite their charms to chase the hours away.

Where the huge heap lies centered in the hall,
The lamp suspended from the cheerful wall,
Brown corn fed nymphs, and *strong hard-handed beaus*,
Alternate rang'd, extend in circling rows,
Assume their seats, the solid mass attack;
The dry husks rustle, and the corn-cobs crack;
The song, the laugh, alternate notes resound,
And the *sweet cyder* trips in silence round.

The laws of HUSKING every wight can tell,
And sure no laws he ever keeps so well:
For each *red ear* a *gen'ral kiss* HE gains,
With each *smut ear* he smuts the luckless swains,
But when to some *sweet maid* a prize is cast,
Red as *her lips* and *taper* as *her waist*,
She walks the round, and culls one *favor'd beau*,
Who leaps the *luscious tribute* to bestow.
Various the sports, as are the wits and brains,
Of well-pleas'd *lasses* and contending *swains*;
Till the vast mound of corn is swept away,
And he that gets the last ear wins the day.

PLATO's favorite Song has been translated into the following agreeable lines:

THE first of Human gifts is HEALTH;
The next on BEAUTY's *power* attends;
The third possessing *well earn'd* WEALTH;
The fourth is YOUTH ENJOY'D WITH FRIENDS.

A BULL.

AN Irishman, Editor of a Daily Paper, informed his Readers, that JEAN DABRY, who was lately *ASSASSINATED* at Rastadt, had arrived at Paris.

missing:

v. 1, no. 23, Dec. 7, 1799

v. 1, no, 24, Dec. 21, 1799

v. 1, no. 25, pp. 97-98, Jan. 4, 1800

v. 1, no. 25, Jan. 4, 1800

Though his features when individually examined, be neither elegant, delicate nor fine, yet when viewed in conjunction, and considered in their compositive result, they certainly give birth to an unequivocal perception of elegant comeliness, and make an impression so permanent as never to be forgotten.

Though the elegance of our hero neither electerizes by the divine fire of Demosthenes, nor captivates from the less flowing harmony of Cicero, yet does the style of his address rival that of the Grecian precision and force, and that of the illustrious Roman in elegance and dignity.

Whatever be the subject of his investigation, he always delibe rates with the most profound attention, and by the wisdom and rectitude of his decision seldom fails to impress conviction and beget confidence. The evident utility and happy result of his decisions on all matters relative to public policy, have ever furnished the strongest and most unequivocal testimony of their truth and justice.

In his wise and happy choice of confidants and friends, he has given to the world such a specimen of thorough knowledge of human nature as no public character ever exhibited before; for in no instance have his friends ever forsaken him, in no instance have his confidants ever betrayed him, either while a commander in the field, or a public officer in the cabinet.

In his investigation of subjects relative either to the interest and policy of his country, or to the complicated rights of nations in general, he does not appear to gain the summit of truth, by the slow and laborious steps of argumentative arrangement and logical deduction; but after taking a general view of the point, immediately in question, suddenly bounds over every obstacle and difficulty by the power and activity of an irresistible genius.

To the foregoing qualifications of our Statesman and Hero, we may add, that he is himself a model in point of morality, and a friendly patron of religion and piety. Neither the loud calls of wild dissipation, nor the soft assuasive accents of pleasure have ever been able to seduce him from the paths of moral rectitude, and he is not ashamed to mingle with his fellow citizens and devoutly join them in acts of public worship to the beneficient source of the universe.

In this amiable and august personage we discover a local concentration of those truly invaluable and sublime characteristics which are particularly destined to constitute the aggregate worth and dignity of human nature: whilst on the other hand, he is happily exempt from those weaknesses and irregularities so destructive to the happiness, and so humiliating to the pride of self-adoring man. Thus we behold in the Guardian of his country, the most consummate valor without precipitate rashness—the utmost caution without effeminate timidity—the highest patience and fortitude without either apathy or indolence—the most dispassionate coolness without listless inactivity—the most unalterable firmness and determined perseverance without blind and incorrigible obstinacy—the most exquisite judgment and acute penetration, without the supercilious pride of knowledge, and an unparralleled love of his fellow-citizens, without an implicit submission to their eccentric whims and capricious irregularities.

To conclude, it would indeed appear that in the person of Washington, nature and fortune had co-operated with their utmost energy to astonish the world with a character of goodness and consummate greatness. As a man, he has ever been loved by his fellow citizens at large; as a General, he has exquisite model of bravery, tempered by prudence and illumined by wisdom; and as the Supreme Executive of the Union, he has displayed all that public virtue and merit, necessary to render him the pride of his friends, the boast of his country, and the admiration of the world.

The defence of the independence of his country, again called him from the peaceful shades of Mount Vernon: with what enthusiasm did his valiant countrymen rally round the standard of liberty, when led forward by this invincible hero; with what terror did the insidious enemies of our freedom, receive the tidings of his appointment, and sink back overwhelmed with dread and timidity.

"O! Washington, thou hero—patriot—sage,
Friend of all creatures—pride of every age:
Were fame the laurels which the world could raise,
The mighty harvest were penurious praise!"

ALLEGORIES.

The understanding is like the Sun, which gives light and life to the whole intellectual world: but the Memory, regarding those things only that are past, is like the Moon which is new and full, and has her wane by turns.

On the tower of Ambition hangs the dial of Industry, where the Sun of good fortune marks the time and progress of friendship on the figure of Ambition.

WIT is like a lily. The one is as pleasing to the ear, as the other is to the eye. Wit naturally fades, and if not timely gathered soon withers and dies.

WHISKEY.

GREAT spirit hail! confusion's angry fire,
And like thy parent Bacchus, born of fire;
The goal's decoy; the greedy traders lure;
Disease of money, but reflection's cure.
We owe, great Dram, the trembling hand to thee,
The beautrong purpose, and the feeble knee;
The loss of honor, and the cause of wrong;
The brain enchanted, and the fault'ring tongue;
Whilst fancy flies before thee, unconfin'd,
Then leav'st disabled prudence far behind.
In thy pursuit our fields are left forlorn;
whilst giant weeds oppress the pigmy corn.
Thou throw'st a mist before the planter's eyes:
The plow grows idle, and the harvest dies.
By thee refresh'd, no cruel Norths we fear;
'Tis ever warm and calm when thou art near:
On the bare earth for thee exposed we lie,
And brave the malice of a frowning sky.
Like those who did in ancient times repent,
We sit in ashes, and our clothes are rent.
From thee a thousand flattering whims escape,
Like hasty births that ne'er have perfect shape,
Thine idiots seen in dear delusion, fair,
But born in flame, they soon expire in air.
O grand deluder! Such thy charming art,
'Tis best we ne'er should meet or ne'er should part.
Ever abscond, or ever tend our call,
Leave us our sense entire or none at all.

ANECDOTES.

A certain female Wit at the Theatre in Bath, observed a very *tall thin* young man in the next box, and addressing herself to a gentleman of her party, asked who he was. The gentleman answered that his name was B——, and added, that he was intended for the Church preaching for a Divine. "Pray, Sir," replied the Lady, "I should have thought rather for the *steeple*."

AN Irishman, for having sworn two oaths, was fined two shillings. "How much do you charge for a curse?" said Pat; "sixpence" replied the publican: "then take my half crown, for I hate change, *and a curse light upon you all*," returned Pat.

☞ The next number completes one year of the Franklin Minerva. The EDITOR returns his sincere thanks to those who have patronized his undertaking, but while he feels grateful for their favors, he must say, that the *general* support he has received will not warrant a continuance of the publication longer than the 18th instant, which will complete the present year. A Title Page, and index, will be given with that number.

It will be remembered that the condition of subscription was payable half yearly, in advance.—Those who have not yet complied with the terms of their subscription, will much oblige the Editor by transmitting their respective balances, as he intends to leave Charlottesburg immediately after its completion.

G. K. MARPER.

Printing Office, Jan. 4, 1800.

COURT OF APOLLO.

On Wednesday evening, the 25th ult. the Youth of the Frederick Academy join'd in the general unexampled sorrow of their Country, in delivering, at the close of their Elocutionary Exercises, the following

ELEGIAC ODE,

on the Death of the ever to be revered *WASHINGTON*, to a very melancholy and deeply affected Audience.

It was spoken by three young Gentlemen in deep mourning, by alternate Stanzas or Divisions, as it is written—and was accompanied with Solemn Music.

——Æqua Lege Necessitas
Sortitur insignes et imes:
Omne capax movet Urna Nomen.

HOR.

1.

——AH! Whence that Sorrow-founding moan?
I hear it sigh along the coming gale.
Ah! whence that sympathising groan;
And all the solemn Knell of yon funeral Peal?
Ah! Gone!—gone!—gone!
Our HERO WASHINGTON!
In whom each brightest public Virtue shin'd,
The Statesman, Champion, Patriot, all combin'd.
COLUMBIA! clad in WOE——
Well may thy sorrow flow;
For ah! Alas! Thy Fav'rite Son's no more!
Now number'd with the Dead;
New glories crown his head——
By Angels wafted to the Elysian Shore.

2.

Ah! Mourn! in plaintive guise, COLUMBIA mourn!
Indulge the elegiac strain;—
Prepare the solemn dirge—the hollowed Urn;
Let every patriotic heart complain:
Thy Fav'rite Son's no more!
Now run his glorious race on earth:
Ah! Dead!—Dead!—Dead!!
Celestial Choirs announce his second birth:
New honors crown his head,
New bliss awaits his shade,
By Angels welcom'd to th' Elysian Shore.

3.

Come! Prepare the slowly-moving, awful Herse—
Wave the Sable scarf on high;—
Pour the deeply melting plaintive Verse;
Thro' all thy weeping groves, COLUMBIA sigh!
For WASHINGTON the blest!
No more his form heroic glads the eye;
Or animates the heart;—
No more his manly sense we hear
Instructive worth impart—
In Virtue's purest diction drest,
Charming every patriot's raptur'd ear,—
Now Dead!—Dead!—Dead!!
On earth ah! heard no more.
New glories crown his head,
New joys await his shade—
By Angels wafted to th' Elysian Shore.

4.

Come every dolorous Muse! of mournful mien,
All clad in deepest Grief's sad solemn hue—
In strains heart-melting pour the pearly flood,
A grateful Nation owns the tribute due.
For ah! alas! he's gone!
Her HERO WASHINGTON!
Your sable bowers with darkest Cypress strew;—
Still bid his deathless name,
Dear to immortal Fame,
Of unborn Myriads meet th' enraptur'd view.
COLUMBIA! clad in woe,
Well may thy sorrows flow—
For ah! thy Fav'rite Son's no more!
New glories crown his head,
New bliss awaits his shade,
By Angels welcom'd to the Elysian Shore.

5.

Ye Patriot Heroes! who with him have bled,
With him your Country's call obey'd;
Your sympathysing woes, in anguish, shed,
In all the pomp of Martial Grief array'd,
Low lies that arm that led the road to fame,
That train'd to trophied deeds the glowing breast;
Full low that hand that gave you first the name
Of INDEPENDENT SONS of FREEDOM blest.
On earth's cold bosom's laid that Lion-Heart
Which his Columbia's love so long had warm'd—
Alas! the gastly tyrant's ruthless dart!
Full low has laid
That glorious head,
Which sceptre'd tyrants frowns had ne'er alarm'd.
Ah! Dead!—Dead!—Dead!!
The subject of the enmarbled dust.—
Your Fav'rite Son's no more!
The Son of public Trust:
New honors crown his head,
New joys await his shade,
By Angels wafted to the Elysian Shore.

6.

O! WASHINGTON! May thy example bright
On every patriot-bosom be impress'd;
O'er the historic page pour Freedom's genial light;
By each admiring future age caress'd.
Thy instructive last ADIEU!
Still presented to her view,
From thy lov'd country's mind be ne'er effac'd.
It's bless'd harmonising power
Be her every heart shed o'er—
By no DISCORDANT PARTIES e'er disgrac'd!
'Midst all thy Glories known,
It's blissful worth we'll own,
When THOU, alas! are now no more!
New honors crown thy head,
New joys await thy shade—
By Angels wafted to the Elysian Shore.

REFLECTIONS on the CLOSE of the YEAR.

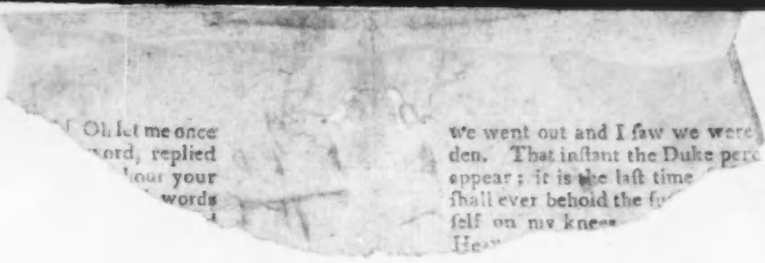
THE year expires, and this its latest hour—
Ah think, my soul, how swift the moments flies,
Nor idly waste it while it's in thy pow'r
Attend time's awful call, and be thou, wise.
Twelve months ago, what numbers, blithe and gay,
Thoughtful, plan'd schemes for the succeeding year;
How vain were all their hopes, to death a prey,
Nor wealth they ask, nor poverty they fear.
I've follow'd worth and merit to the grave,
The last sad duties to their ashes paid;
How soon may I the same kind office crave,
The pitying tear, sad sigh and friendly aid?
Almighty Being! be pleased to extend
Thy wonted kindness; still thy blessings pour—
O! may thy grace into my breast descend,
Teach me to work thy will, and thee adore.

La S 78

last sad tribute to the rights of man.
itude and friendship call,
hoary justice fall;
lead.

From the PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

History of THEODOSIA [illegible]



mpenſate for the ills to come,
ſtomack, and the aching
f the preceeding

THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

Drawn by the pen of a MASTER, ſome years before his death.

——A Combination and a Form indeed,
Where every God did ſeem to his Seal,
To give the World aſſurance of a Man.

SHAKESPEARE.

Does the proſtitute page of hiſtory glow with the enthuſiaſtic eulogia on the characters of tyrants who have only reveled in a court, or of conquerors who have only ſlaughtered in the field? And all even the impartial portraitiſt reſt in a pœthetic torpidity, and ſlumber in criminal ſilence, while our American Fabius lives, and aſtoniſhes the world with the plenitude of his virtue and his greatneſs? Are the characters of Sidney, of a Pitt and of a Fox conſigned to immortality by the nervous eloq. ence of their zealous and partial countrymen, and ſhall not an humble tribute of juſtice be rendered to the man of the people, whoſe perſon is beloved by his fellow citizens, whoſe name is revered by the nations of the earth, and whoſe ſituation is the envy of even the monarch himſelf, when ſeated ſupereb on his throne of empire.

WASHINGTON is equally majeſtic in mein, dignified in merit, and exalted in fame. While the manly and auguſt firmneſs of his deportment and manners potently characteriſe the ſoldier and the hero, their graceful eaſe and elegance beſpeak the man of faſhion and conſummate politeneſs. His openneſs & unaffected affability ſeem to invite to an acquaintance, by rendering acceſs eaſy and intercourſe delightful.

Though he dart not from his eye the vengeful fire, nor bear on his brow the haughty defiance of the inexorible Achilles, yet in his countenance marked with the calm intrepidity of the noble Hector, and the ſuperior ſtability of the youthful Patroclus.—But notwithſtanding his whole aſpect pronounces him the hero formed to puſh fearleſs, yet terrible through the rude tempeſt of war, and to ride triumphant in the gilded car of conqueſt, yet ſo the mildneſs and benignity of his countenance declare him more ſupremely bleſt in the kindred ſunſhine of public harmony and peace. That this is indeed the true diſpoſition of our Patriot and Hero, we learn not from his countenance alone, for the uniform tenor of his public conduct proclaims that his ſupreme delight is to cultivate with aſſiduity and care, the tender and precarious olive, rather than to ſtep ſuperb and terrible beneath the ſhadow of the laurels of glory.

THE FR

William Berkeley

VOL. I.]

A Reflection.

AN honeſt Indian man was once waked from his ſlumbers, and with aſtoniſhment ſaw his houſe in which he lodged was on fire. "What CARE I (ſays he) SINCE I AM NOT [illegible]

[illegible] will have a fine moral application. When we reflect on temporary enjoyments of life—when we feel our bodies decaying by ſickneſs—whenever earthly proſpect grows dim upon the eye—when, in fine, this earthly habitation is crumbling into duſt, may we not exclaim in the language of the text—*What need we care, ſince we are nothing but lodgers.* Strictly ſpeaking, we cannot be called lodgers in the houſe of mortality. The term ſeems to imply, that we are at liberty to reſide in or quit it, to quit it whenever we pleaſe; but the fact is the reverſe. We are here compelled at the will of the landlord, the diſeaſe, to be turned out at his pleaſure.

Thoſe who believe in the doctrine of annihilation, are guilty of abſurdities more repugnant to reaſon than any other claſs of men that ever exiſted. All nations and ages ſeem to have joined unanimouſly to reprobate the horrible conception.

Ancient tradition gives an account of children meeting with their parents in the world of ſpirits, where they beheld them reclining on beds of flowers—plucking roſes from the buſh—forming garlands of eternal beauty and fragrance for thoſe who by deeds of virtue and glory had rendered their names and their memories immortal.

The Mahometans believe, that in a future ſtate of exiſtence they ſhall be rewarded with the greateſt ſenſual gratifications. The Laplander believes his heaven to be ſituated in the centre of the ocean. He there expects to meet his friends, ſeated round a large fire over which is placed a large kettle abounding with fiſh; and that they ſhall all greedily partake of the banquit. Even the rude Indian has ſtrong and vivid conceptions of futurity. He believes that one day he ſhall meet with the ſpirits of his fathers on the ſunny tops of the mountains, where they can purſue the deer, or ſmoke the calumet of peace—where the hatchet of diſcord will be buried, never more to be reddened with the blood of his fellow ſavages. Thus mankind, to whom the light of goſpel has never been communicated, ſeem to contemplate the higheſt enjoyments of heaven in a future completion of that which will conſtitute their greateſt earthly felicity.

Abſurd and contradictory as theſe various accounts are, they ſeem, as far as they go, and as far as *example* can have any weight

complexions,
the moſt regular and pleaſing
atures, and warmed with the pureſt blood,
hich no unbecoming deſires ſpread over her
ce; when in her eyes I read the thoughts
at ſwell her boſom, and give her ſoul to
y view; when ſhe lays herſelf more open
ill to my admiration, and adds words, to
oks, that never contradict each other;
hen ſhe goes yet farther, and in the gene-
l courſe of her behaviour, I ſee compla-
ncy, true regard, decent mirth, and a-
reeable ſobriety, blended together in ſuch
manner, that an action, which in another
ould be indifferent, in Miranda bears the
mp of merit:—How ineſtimable would
ch a companion be! But, when I turn my
eyes on her ſiſter Belinda, and ſee a form
equal in beauty to Miranda, animated only
by a conſciouſneſs of her own beauty, when
I ſee pride, or ſcorn, for ever peeping out of
her eyes, and folly ſpeaking out of her
motion of Belinda is
accompanied with an affectation viſible to e-
very beholder, and tending to inſpire love,
that ſhe may exerciſe tyranny, when every
action is tinged with ſelf-love, and want of
regard for every one elſe, I cannot help be-
ing concerned, that beauty ſhould act ſo un-
natural a part as to turn its arms againſt,
and kill itſelf.

The Fortunate Slave; or, the Hiſtory of Lorenzo and Roxana.

A Story founded in Fact.

ABDALLAH, bey of Algiers, gave orders to revenge the inſult offered to his flag by ſome European powers; and, in the execution of this mandate, they captured, amongſt other merchantmen, a Tuſcan veſſel, on board of which was Lorenzo, a youn
ou he had neve
acquainted with: a kind of e
cal ſhock ran through his frame, and cen
ed in his heart.

From this moment all Lorenzo's thoughts were occupied with Roxana: his daily reveries and nightly dreams preſented no other image to him but the enchanting maid, who failed not to viſit him at a particular hour every evening. In theſe ſhort happy interviews, he failed not to teſtify by his involuntary ſighs, and every mode of expreſſion that his ſituation would admit, the ardour of his paſſion, which from the apparent impracticability of ever obtaining the enchanting Roxana, rendered him almoſt diſtracted. The delicacies ſhe conſtantly furniſhed him with loſt all their reliſh; he loathed the ſight of every thing but the beautiful maid.

Whilſt Lorenzo was thus bemoaning his wretched deſtiny, the barbarous and cruel treatment the other priſoners met with made them reſolve to force their way, and repair to the palace, where if their grievances were not redreſſed, to put Abdallah and his miniſters to the ſword. Scarce had this reſolution been taken, before the priſoners put the goaler to death, releaſed themſelves from confinement, and, having obtained arms, were upon the point of repairing to the palace, and putting their deſign in execution.

Lorenzo who had favoured the ſcheme, and entered into the plot, in order to obtain his liberty, but who ſhuddered at the idea of ſuch a maſſacre, by a kind of intuitive ſympathy, flew upon the wings of love towards the palace, and, in his way, met with the lovely Roxana, who was repairing to her uſual evening viſit. She immediately recognized Lorenzo, and he almoſt as inſtantly recollected his kind benefactreſs. Her ſurprize was inexpreſſible at finding him thus liberated had paſſed,
ions
ed him
and in his wrat
vere puniſhment for
gratitude. Lorenzo wa
theſe menaces, as he well
vengeance when excited wa
peaſed, being rigid and tyrann
tenacious of his honour and of h
In this dilemma he repaired to his
Roxana, and made her acquainted wi
what had paſſed between her father and him
She diſſolved into tears, and could not refrain
telling Lorenzo, that affairs were ſtill worſe
than he expected, that ſhe was pregnant, and
when that could not be concealed, ſhe her-
ſelf could expect no mercy from Abdallah.
Thus ſituated, after the firſt tumults of
their aggravated affliction were over, they
conſulted what ſteps were proper to be taken
to avoid the wrath and vengeance of Abdal-
lah. Roxana acquainted Lorenzo that
mother had bequeathed her, beſides a c
of very valuable jewels, a conſidera
in money: that there was one To
commanded a veſſel which th
bay, whoſe life ſhe had ſave
ing an enormous crime,
with her father: that t
ledged the obligations
in the moſt ſacred m
any time riſk that
in the ſervce of
therefore, prop
to the coaſt o
great attent
project.
Overtu
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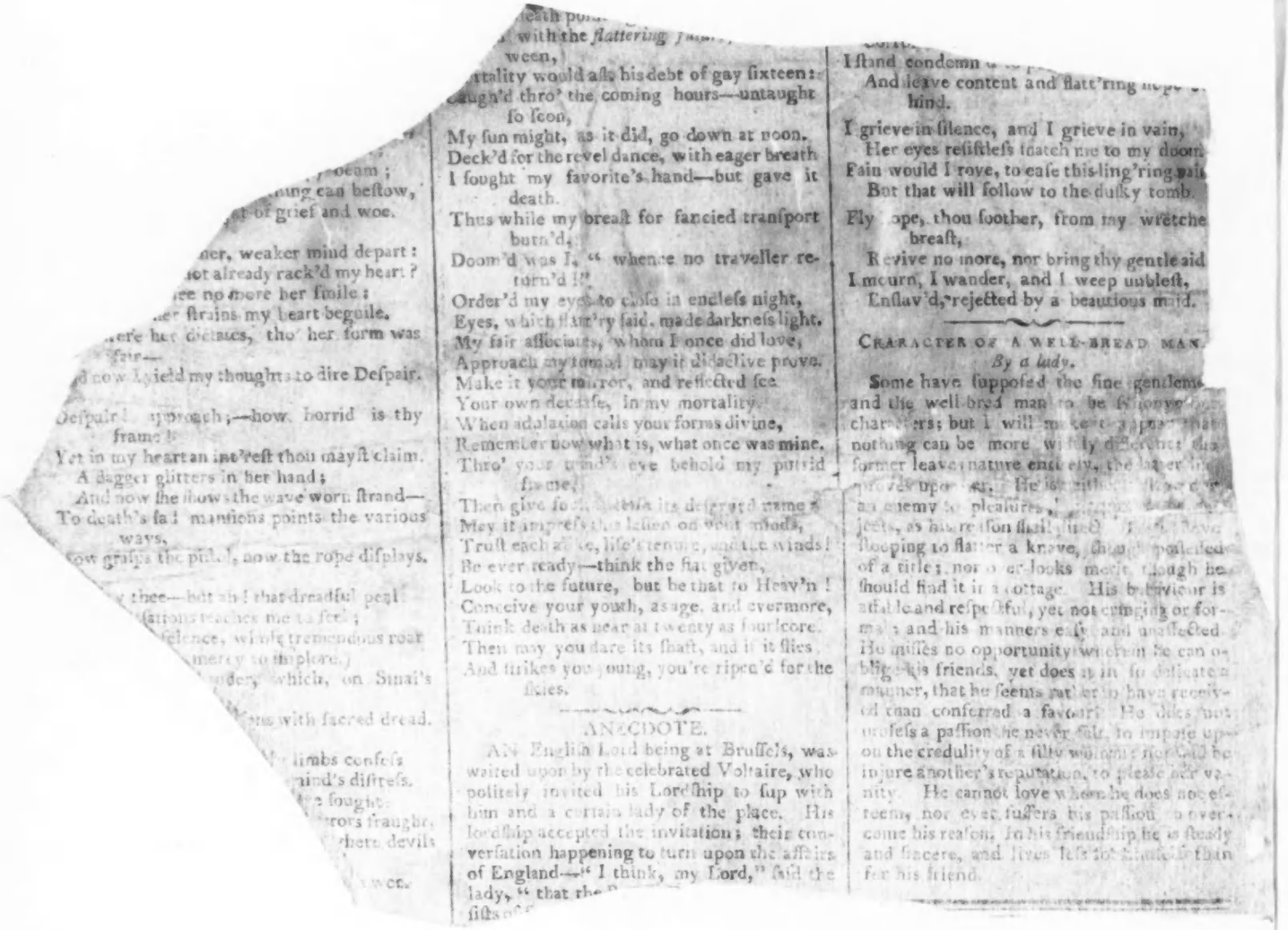

ween,
rtality would ask his debt of gay sixteen:
augh'd thro' the coming hours—untaught
so soon,
My sun might, as it did, go down at noon.
Deck'd for the revel dance, with eager breath
I fought my favorite's hand—but gave it
death.
Thus while my breast for fancied transport
burn'd,
Doom'd was I, "whence no traveller re-
turn'd!"
Order'd my eyes to close in endless night,
Eyes, which flatt'ry said, made darkness light.
My fair associates, whom I once did love,
Approach my tomb! may it didactive prove.
Make it your mirror, and reflected see
Your own destine, in my mortality.
When adulation calls your forms divine,
Remember now what is, what once was mine.
Thro' your minds eye behold my putrid
frame,
Then give to vanity its depraved name.
May it impress this lesson on your minds,
Trust each a-ke, life's tenure, and the winds!
Be ever ready—think the fiat given,
Look to the future, but be that to Heav'n!
Conceive your youth, a sage, and evermore,
Think death as near at twenty as fourscore.
Then may you dare its shaft, and if it flies
And strikes you young, you're ripen'd for the
skies.

I stand condemn
And leave content and flatt'ring hope
kind.
I grieve in silence, and I grieve in vain,
Her eyes resistless snatch me to my doom.
Fain would I rove, to ease this ling'ring pain
But that will follow to the dusky tomb.
Fly hope, thou soother, from my wretche
breast,
Revive no more, nor bring thy gentle aid
I mourn, I wander, and I weep unblest,
Enslav'd, rejected by a beauteous maid.

ANECDOTE.

AN English Lord being at Brussels, was waited upon by the celebrated Voltaire, who politely invited his Lordship to sup with him and a certain lady of the place. His lordship accepted the invitation; their conversation happening to turn upon the affairs of England—"I think, my Lord," said the lady, "that the

CHARACTER OF A WELL-BRED MAN.

By a lady.

Some have supposed the fine gentleman and the well-bred man to be synonymous characters; but I will endeavour to prove that nothing can be more widely different than the former leaves nature entirely, the latter improves upon it. He is neither a bigot to, nor an enemy to pleasures, [illegible] objects, as his reason shall direct him. He will have no stooping to flatter a knave, though possessed of a title; nor overlooks merit, though he should find it in a cottage. His behaviour is affable and respectful, yet not cringing or formal; and his manners easy and unaffected. He misses no opportunity wherein he can oblige his friends, yet does it in so delicate a manner, that he seems rather to have received than conferred a favour. He does not, unless a passion he never felt, to impose upon the credulity of a silly woman, nor could he injure another's reputation, to please his vanity. He cannot love where he does not esteem, nor ever suffers his passion to overcome his reason. In his friendship he is steady and sincere, and lives less for himself than for his friend.